

In A. D. 1997.

The young man lay nestling in the soft cushions of the Turkish divan. What a charming picture he presented as the ruddy firelight bathed him with its magic glow. It gently touched his glorious hair, lending it just that shade of copper he had so long sought in vain, and which even the \$10 treatments had failed to impart. It intensified the wondrous symmetry of the perfect oval features, and discovered new beauties in the matchless complexion. Altogether, with his innocent, trusting face, whose marble brow had never known a cloud of sorrow, the young man looked almost too beautiful for this world.

What though he owed less to nature than to M. Peablanche, the famous beauty specialist? What though the beautifully molded arms were in large part due to that gentleman's skillful massage, the lily-white neck and shoulders to the cunning of his enamel? What even if the dimple that frolicked in the splendidly molded chin had been derived (at considerable expense) from the same ingenious source? What then, we repeat? The young man was as beautiful as a star, as fragile as a flower. The only son of a great financieress, his mother toiled all day in Wall Street, fleeing lambs, bulls, bears and other wild animals, watering streets and watering railroads, and sparing no pains (to others) in the effort to surround the apple of her eye—apples, rather, for she had two eyes—with every luxury and comfort that Sixth Avenue could afford.

As has been intimated before, the youth was speechlessly, paralytically beautiful. He possessed an unlimited capacity for chocolate creams and other pastry, and he led an absolutely, aldermanically useless existence. What more could be demanded of any young man in the twentieth century?

As he lay there, absorbed in the perusal of "The Young Man's Book of Dreams," the street bell rang.

"It is she; it is she!" he cried. Thereupon his heart went pit-a-pat, and performed other gymnastic evolutions.

When the young business woman entered the room she seemed embarrassed. With a man's quick intuition the youth at once suspected that his companion had something on her mind. The suspicion was confirmed when she absent-mindedly knocked over a handsome vase which had cost \$999.99 at a bargain sale the day before.

After apologies had been offered and accepted the young woman commenced in a tone like a porterhouse steak:

"Mr. De Vere, have you forgotten our first meeting, now nearly five days ago?"

"No, indeed," replied the young man cooly. "I can never forget your courage on that occasion. The puddle was a terribly deep one, and I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't carried me across."

"Your tone encourages me," said the girl, with such passionate intensity that the words sizzled in the air. "Mr. De Vere—Adolph—I love you. I love you madly, hydrophobically. I have loved you ever since our first meeting on that eventful rainy day. It is true that I am poor, but your mother is rich, and has enough for us all. Will you be mine?"

The youth trembled with emotion. Tears of happiness hopped down his face, leaving little white car tracks as they passed through the rouge. His face glowed with the phosphorescent light of awakening manhood.

"Augusta," he whispered, "ask mamma."

A moment later he made an unpleasant discovery, and gave a little scream of dismay.

"Augusta, darling," he cried in an injured voice, "why you—you haven't shaved to-day."

In Winter.

When the bloom is on the sealskin jacket, violets have slept on. Then his pocketbook of sealskin looks as though it had been stepped on!

Taken Literally.

When Mrs. Billings entered the kitchen she saw Nora, the cook, standing over a pot of boiling water and watching it with deep interest.

"What are you cooking?" asked the mistress.

"I'm bilin' the book," replied Nora, after a moment's hesitation. "I intended to surprise ye, but—"

"Boiling the book?" shrieked Mrs. Billings. "What do you mean, girl? Let me see." And bending over the pot she saw therein a new novel which her husband had brought home a few days before.

"Are you crazy, Nora?" cried the mistress. "Why have you destroyed this book? Why have you?"

"Distroyed indead!" interrupted the cook indignantly. "I was doin' you and Mr. Billin's a sarvice, and this is the thanks I git for it! Whin I was goin' through the dinin' room yisterday Mr. Billin's had this book in his hand, and he said to you, said he: 'This is a pretty good story, but it's too long. It would be better if it was biled down!' An' you said, said you: 'Tis, it ought to be biled down.'"

"An' now," concluded Nora, bursting into tears, "when I bile the book, intendin' to please you and Mr. Billin's, I git abused an' called crazy. I tell you, mum, I'll never agin do a thing in this house unless I am specially tould to do it."

Perhaps This Occurred in a Street Car.
SHE—I don't see any seat.
HE—Have one on me.

A MAD DOG SCARE.



1. "Goah! but I'm worried about that bone I buried!"



2. "Saw a yaller dog loafin' around the yard!"



3. "And Dooley's pup is a hungry, sharp-scented cur!"



4. "Something tells me I'd better get a move on!"



5. "Wish people 'd get outa my road!"



6. "If it aint there I'll be!"



7. "Hooroo! It's still here! Now for a!"



8. "Geel! What's the matter with those people? Are they all mad?"
The Traitor.
MISS ELDERLY—Is my age telling on me?
MISS PERT—No; it's your face.

A Thrilling Narrative.

"Wal—er-h'm!"—modestly began Alkali Ike, in response to the request of the pale young divinity student from New England, who was touring Oklahoma in search of health. "I don't know as I can tell you anything in the way of a story of adventure that'll interest you. Nacherl enough, bein' a man of the world, I've met up with the common run of incidents that come to a man who is given to circulat' in more or less widely amongst his kind. Of course, I've been shot up considerably an' stabbed quite frequent an' tarred an' feathered a time or two an' run over in stampedes once in a while an' narrowly escaped lynchin' several times—by mistake, of course—an' held up by road agents now an' then an' lost in blizzards more or less an' sorter chased around occasionally by an infuriated lady, mostly grass widder, armed with guns or scaldin' water, as the case might be, an' so on an' so forth; but as for what you might call adventures, I don't know as"—

"Dear me!" ejaculated the astonished tourist. "If you do not consider those adventures, I should like to know what you do call them?"

"Aw, I reckon 'episodes' is about the proper word—jest ripples in the experience of a man who is more or less agile on his feet. Nope, I don't reckon I can tell you anything that would pass for an adventure, an'—I don't know, though; come to think about it, mebbe you'll be sorter interested in hearin' about a little circumstance that happened to me a few years ago. Don't remember now jest when it was—sech things slip a man's memory, you know—but, anyhow, whenever it was, I was peroozin' around out in the Gila country, an' one day when I was out huntin', or suthin' that-a-way, I stirred up a gang of Injuns like a nest of snakes.

"They put chase to me—you know how Injuns is about that; they 'pear to enjoy bein' everlastin'ly chasin' suthin', same as people in the East collect postage stamps an' sech trash. It's a fed with 'em, I reckon. Nacherl enough, bein' of a retirin' nature, I lit out at my best lick, kickin' the scenery behind me plenty enthusiastic an' rapid. Away we went across the map, both parties hittin' the high places, an' them mighty infrequent, an' my red brothers gainin' ground on me at every jump, an' testifyin' to their appreciation of that fact with yells both loud an' numerous.

"Wal, to make a short story long, as the feller said, the Injuns gained on me till bime-bye the keenest of 'em wasn't more than about twenty feet behind, an' all of 'em comin' so fast that their yells was about a hundred yards in the rear all the time an' unable to ketch up. I'm thinkin' to myself that it won't be long till I'll be flappin' my way through the air in the direction of the happy huntin' ground, when all of a sudden I'm findin' myself right on the brink of a canon, or mebbe you'd call it a yawnin' abyss, the top of which was level with the prairie an' the bottom away down yonder about a thousand feet or sech a matter.

"Thar wasn't no two ways about it. If I stopped the Injuns would kill me. I had to jump; in fact, I run right out into the empty air before I noticed it. Down I went like a shot, jest in time to escape from the Injuns, who slumped up on the edge of the abyss about a minute after I left it, whoopin' an' frothin' like a pack of wolves.

"Thar I was, you may say, with a band of disappointed Red Men on the brink above me thirstin' for my blood quite a good deal, fallin' headlong through space. When I was about half way down I saw that the bottom of the abyss was covered with big, sharp rocks. I knew I'd be dashed to pieces when I struck the bottom, an' so—But, hol! Thar's Old Scars over thar in the door of the Blue Ruin! You'll have to excuse me now, Mr. Eastman; I've got a little business to attend to with that thar gent. So long! See you later!"

"But—bub—but," gasped the tourist, "tell me what you did when you discovered that sudden and terrible death awaited you on the rocks below?"

"Aw—I jest turned an' jumped right back whur I started from."

"But—ug! gug!—the Indians who were waiting to kill you?"

"Oh, they killed me; that's all!" And the voracious Isaac walked off in the direction of his friend, Scars, leaving the gentleman from New England in a state of total collapse.

Nice Long Nights.

"I have a little business downtown to-night," he said, "and won't be back before midnight. Don't sit up for me, dear."

She promised she wouldn't, and he went down to the club, where the boys had brought in a few hundred pounds of pemmican, forty-seven barrels of whale's blubber and a great gross or two of sperm candles, and were ready for a quiet little six weeks game of poker.

This is one of the advantages of being an Esquimaux during the Winter season.

A Mystery of Heredity.

MRS. BLOOMERINE—I really don't know what to do with that daughter of mine. She is a regular tomboy.

MRS. NICKERS—What has she been doing?

MRS. BLOOMERINE—Oh, playing with dolls and making mud pies.

Some Chance in a Lottery.

SHE—Do you think marriage is a lottery?
HE—No—you can get prizes in a lottery.

